

THE "BOWTIE BULLETIN" January 2007 Issue

"From the Pres." – ??????????????????????	1
"Social Corner"– Tom	2
"DELETE IF YOU DON'T REMEMBER FENDER SKIRTS" – Johnny Ellis	3
"Jokes" - Email	4
"My First Car and the Girl Friend Connection – part 1" – David Ward Jones	5
"Speeding?" - Email	6
"SUMMARY OF MY LAST YEAR ON THE COMPUTER"	7

www.piedmontccc.com

OFFICERS

President	Open Position		
Vice President	George Bliss	779-6583	gbliss@nc.rr.com
Recording Secretary	Lynn Barnes	677-0924	lynnb@brickmangroup.com
Treasurer	Ray Bader	779-1956	raybader@earthlink.com
karchambault@nc.rr.com			

Newsletter Editor, Don Mende don@nexgenimaging.com Office (919) 544-9693 Home (919) 676-6329

From "The Vice Pres", George Bliss

I hope everyone had a safe and Happy Holiday and is ready for the new year. We are still looking for someone to step up and take over the Presidency of the club. Anyone? I think the club is going to do good things again this year and I look forward to the upcoming Cruise-Ins and club events.

George

[Business meeting January 22nd](#)

Social Corner

By Tom Camilliere

Hi PCCC members!!!! Welcome back from the holidays, I hope everyone is ready to party and have some fun. We will be doing some new things this year, starting off with our traditional Valentine party at a new location. Make sure to check the new Pocket Guide for dates of all the events:

1. Valentine Party, February 26, Monday, Location: Michael Deans Seafood Grill, 6004 Falls of Neuse Rd. Raleigh, phone 919790-9992. Appetizers at 6:30, shrimp, crab cakes, goat cheese wontons and sesame chickens satays, this sounds great, thanks social fund. Dinner at 7:00. Order off the menu, separate checks with tip included for everyone. And as always ROSES for our lovely wives and girlfriends. Also, at the meeting, see flyer for Michael Deans Famous Monday Night Special. PS. members, remember you don't need a lady to come to this great party!!!!!!!

SEE EVERYONE FEBRUARY 26, AT MICHAEL DEANS, FOR APPETIZERS AT 6:30!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If you have any questions please call me, 919-847-4333, or email me at camilliere@aol.com

PLEASE REMEMBER TO SIGN UP FOR THE EVENTS YOU ARE PLANNING TO ATTEND. THE SIGN-UP SHEETS WILL BE AT THE MEETINGS. THIS WORKED GREAT LAST YEAR, SO KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK AND SIGN UP.

HAPPY CRUZIN AND BE SAFE

----- Original Message -----

From: [Johnny Ellis](#)

Sent: Wednesday, December 27, 2006 11:53 AM

Subject: 12-22-06 DELETE IF YOU DON'T REMEMBER FENDER SKIRTS

I came across this phrase yesterday "FENDER SKIRTS".

A term I haven't heard in a long time and thinking about "fender skirts" started me thinking about other words that quietly disappear from our language with hardly a notice like "curb feelers" And "steering knobs." (AKA) suicide knob

Since I'd been thinking of cars, my mind naturally went that direction first. Any kids will probably have to find some elderly person over 50 to explain some of these terms to you.

Remember "Continental kits?" They were rear bumper extenders and spare tire covers that were supposed to make any car as cool as a Lincoln Continental.

When did we quit calling them "emergency brakes?" At some point "parking brake" became the proper term. But I miss the hint of drama that went with "emergency brake."

I'm sad, too, that almost all the old folks are gone who would call the accelerator as the "foot feed."

Didn't you ever wait at the street for your daddy to come home, so you could ride the "running board" all the way up to the house?

Here's a phrase I heard all the time in my youth but never anymore - "store-bought." Of course, just about everything is store-bought these days. But once it was bragging material to have a store-bought dress or a store-bought bag of candy.

"Coast to coast" is a phrase that once held all sorts of excitement and now means almost nothing. Now we take the term "world wide" for granted this floors me.

On a smaller scale, "wall-to-wall" was once a magical term in our homes. In the '50s, everyone covered his or her hardwood floors with, wow, wall-to-wall carpeting! Today, everyone replaces their wall-to-wall carpeting with hardwood floors. Go figure.

When's the last time you heard the quaint phrase "in a family way?" It's hard to imagine that the word "pregnant" was once considered a little too graphic, a little too clinical for use in polite company, so we had all that talk about stork visits and "being in a family way" or simply "expecting."

Apparently "brassiere" is a word no longer in usage. I said it the other day and my daughter cracked up. I guess it's just "bra" now "Unmentionables" probably wouldn't be understood at all.

I always loved going to the "picture show,"

Most of these words go back to the '50s, but here's a pure-'60s word I came across the other day - "rat fink." Ooh, what a nasty put-down!

Here's a word I miss - "percolator." That was just a fun word to say. And what was it replaced with? "Coffee maker." How dull. Mr. Coffee, I blame you for this.

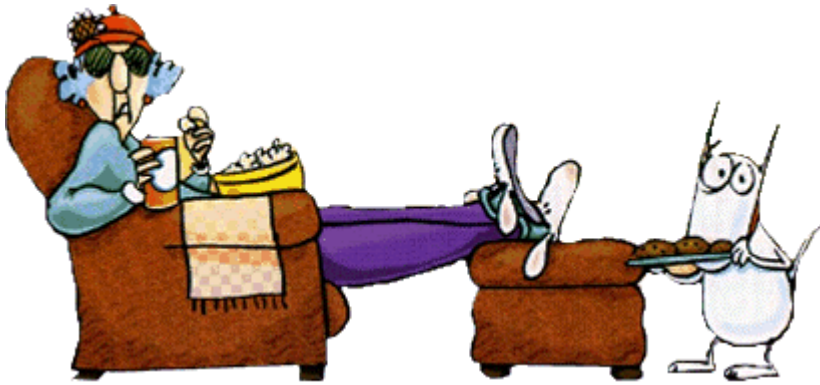
I miss those made-up marketing words that were meant to sound so modern and now sound so retro. Words like "DynaFlow" and "Electrolux." Introducing the 1963 Admiral TV, now with "SpectraVision!"

Food for thought - Was there a telethon that wiped out lumbago? Nobody complains of that anymore. Maybe that's what castor oil cured, because I never hear mothers threatening kids with castor oil anymore.

Some words aren't gone, but are definitely on the endangered list. The one that grieves me most "supper." Now everybody says "dinner." Save a great word. Invite someone to supper. Discuss fender skirts.

Someone forwarded this to me. I thought some of us of a "certain age" would remember most of these.

Just for fun, pass it along to others of "a certain age"!



Everyone concentrates on the problems we're having in this country lately. Illegal immigration, hurricane recovery, wild animals attacking humans in Florida. Not me. I concentrate on solutions to problems. The result is a win-win-win situation:

- + Dig a moat the length of the Mexican border.
- + Use the dirt to raise the levies in New Orleans.
- + Put the Florida alligators in the moat.

Any other problems you would like for me to solve today?

THIS IS A CEILING MURAL IN A SMOKER'S LOUNGE.



My First Car and the Girl Friend Connection

By David Ward Jones

In 1959, I was in the U.S. Air Force as a part of the Strategic Air Command, stationed at Carswell Air Force Base in Fort Worth Texas when I received orders to transfer to Sidi Slimane Air Force Base in Morocco (North Africa). Sidi Slimane is about 150 miles inland from Casablanca and it was a one-year tour for single Airmen. In the summer of 1960 (maybe June) I met a very pretty young girl named Roxanne Hines at the Swimming Pool, and we had an immediate attraction for each other. She was a military dependant and still in school. She was too young for us to have an intimate relationship, so we never "dated". We "hung-out" together at the Pool, the Bowling Alley, the Snack Bar and we would meet at the Movies. She would come and watch me play Softball and Football. One of the reasons her Mother let her meet with me was that her ten-year old sister was constantly with her and served as a chaperone (tattle-tell). I was allowed to take her to a base-wide, 4th of July celebration, which lasted all day and into the night, and I was allowed to take her to a base-wide dance. I have photos that were taken of us at the 4th of July celebration, and they have always been a pleasure to look at over the years and remember our time together. Her Mother allowed me to take her to these events, because she knew she was going to be there also. I was a Medic, and Roxanne's Mother brought her into the dispensary for me to remove a wart from her forearm, so she carried a scar which was always there to remind her of me.. We became very good friends with deep feeling for each other. In November of that year I rotated back to the States, where I spent my last year-and-a-half in California and was discharged in May 1962. Roxanne and I kept in touch by mail, and her father retired in October of 1962 and the family moved back to Leesburg, Florida.

When I returned to Raleigh, my hometown, in May of 1962 I bought a 1960 Chevrolet Impala two-door hardtop; with a red interior and a black accent stripe on the rear quarter panels and fender skirts. During the fall of that year, I drove my Impala to Tampa, Florida, with my Mother, to visit my Sister and Brother-in-Law, who was in the Air Force and stationed at McDill Air Force Base. From there, we drove on down to Miami to visit my brother. Roxanne and I had been in contact by mail, and I arranged to go through Leesburg, Florida to see her. Leesburg is about an hour Northeast of Tampa. We stopped in Leesburg and visited for a couple of hours and then Roxanne rode with me to Tampa, where I left my Mother. I took Roxanne back to Leesburg, and now she was old enough, and her sister nor her Mother were with us. Our feelings for each other were still very strong, and we enjoyed our visit and each other very much.....!. I came back to Raleigh and entered NC State University's School of Design to pursue a degree in Architecture over the next five years. I visited Roxanne the next year for the last time. I sold my Impala and bought a broken down 1957 Volkswagen that burned a quart of oil from one side of Raleigh to the other. For the next four-and-a-half years, I was totally immersed in school, and without money. Roxanne went on to college and our writing tailed off until it stopped. I was married in 1965 and Roxanne married in 1966. I was divorced in 1998.

In April 2004 I began to receive a "Pop-Up" on my computer screen almost daily inviting me to view "Classmates.com." One day, when I must not have had anything better to do, I opened the Classmates.com web site to see if any of my old High School classmates were listed. I noted that there were quite a few, and one of them was talking about a Class Reunion and looking for comments. I tried to comment, but discovered that I was required to join the web site, to the tune of about \$39.00, before I could send and receive e-mail on the Site. When I joined, I filled out the Profile sheet, and my Military Record thinking that maybe some of the guys I had been stationed with in the Air Force might see it and contact me for "old time sake". After I finished my e-mail dialog concerning the Class Reunion, I did not enter the Classmates.com web site again until September. I entered the site again to see what the latest was with the Reunion. When I entered the site, there was a message that I had e-mail waiting for me.. The e-mail began "Roxanne Hines Haygood: Are you the David Jones I knew in Morocco in 1960? If so, please contact me at my e-mail address ..!" I sat in shock for few minutes at how unbelievable an event this was; after more than forty years! I responded to her e-mail and she replied that she had been divorced for the last four years. She sent me her phone number and we have developed a relationship that will end in marriage very soon.

Part 2 – "The purchase of my classic car" - next months Newsletter

Speeding?

Jack took a long look at his speedometer before slowing down: 73 in a 55 zone. Fourth time in as many months. How could a guy get caught so often?

When his car had slowed to 10 miles an hour, Jack pulled over, but only partially. Let the cop worry about the potential traffic hazard. Maybe some other car will tweak his backside with a mirror. The cop was stepping out of his car, the big pad in hand.

Bob? Bob from Church? Jack sunk farther into his trench coat. This was worse than the coming ticket. A cop catching a guy from his own church. A guy who happened to be a little eager to get home after a long day at the office. A guy he was about to play golf with tomorrow.

Jumping out of the car, he approached a man he saw every Sunday, a man he'd never seen in uniform.

"Hi, Bob. Fancy meeting you like this."

"Hello, Jack." No smile.

"Guess you caught me red-handed in a rush to see my wife and kids."

"Yeah, I guess." Bob seemed uncertain. Good.

"I've seen some long days at the office lately. I'm afraid I bent the rules a bit -just this once."

Jack toed at a pebble on the pavement. "Diane said something about roast beef and potatoes tonight. Know what I mean?" "I know what you mean. I also know that you have a reputation in our precinct ." Ouch. This was not going in the right direction. Time to change tactics. "What'd you clock me at?"

"Seventy. Would you sit back in your car please?"

"Now wait a minute here, Bob. I checked as soon as saw you. I was barely nudging 65." The lie seemed to come easier with every ticket.

"Please, Jack, in the car"

Flustered, Jack hunched himself through the still-open door. Slamming it shut, he stared at the dashboard. He was in no rush to open the window.

The minutes ticked by. Bob scribbled away on the pad.

Why hadn't he asked for a driver's license?

Whatever the reason, it would be a month of Sundays before Jack ever sat near this cop again. A tap on the door jerked his head to the left. There was Bob, a folded paper in hand. Jack rolled down the window a mere two inches, just enough room for Bob to pass him the slip.

"Thanks." Jack could not quite keep the sneer out of his voice.

Bob returned to his police car without a word. Jack watched his retreat in the mirror. Jack unfolded the sheet of paper. How much was this one going to cost?

Wait a minute. What was this? Some kind of joke?

Certainly not a ticket. Jack began to read:

"Dear Jack, Once upon a time I had a daughter. She was six when killed by a car. You guessed it- a speeding driver. A fine and three months in jail, and the man was free. Free to hug his daughters, all three of them. I only had one, and I'm going to have to wait until Heaven before I can ever hug her again. A thousand times I've tried to forgive that man. A thousand times I thought I had. Maybe I did, but I need to do it again. Even now. Pray for me. And be careful, Jack, my son is all I have left."
"Bob"

Jack turned around in time to see Bob's car pull away and head down the road. Jack watched until it disappeared. A full 15 minutes later, he too, pulled away and drove slowly home, praying for forgiveness and hugging a surprised wife and kids when he arrived.

Life is precious. Handle it with care. This is an important message; please pass it along to your children and friends. Drive safely and carefully. Remember, cars are not the only things recalled by their maker.

SUMMARY OF MY LAST YEAR ON THE COMPUTER

I must send my thanks to whoever sent me the one about rat poop in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet towel with every envelope that needs sealing.

Also, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.

I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die in the hospital for the 1,387,258th time.

I no longer have any money at all, but that will change once I receive the \$15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program.

I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St. Theresa's novena has granted my every wish.

I no longer eat KFC because their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes or feathers.

I no longer use cancer-causing deodorants even though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day

Thanks to you, I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an email to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.

Because of your concern I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.

I no longer can buy gasoline without taking a man along to watch the car so a serial killer won't crawl in my back seat when I'm pumping gas.

I no longer drink Pepsi or Dr. Pepper since the people who make these products are atheists who refuse to put "Under God" on their cans.

I no longer use Saran wrap in the microwave because it causes cancer.

And thanks for letting me know I can't boil a cup water in the microwave anymore because it will blow up in my face...disfiguring me for life.

I no longer check the coin return on pay phones because I could be pricked with a needle infected with AIDS.

I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and rob me.

I no longer receive packages from UPS or FedEx since they are actually Al Qaeda in disguise.

I no longer shop at Target since they are French and don't support our American troops or the Salvation Army.

I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a number for which I will get a phone bill with calls to Jamaica, Uganda, Singapore, and Uzbekistan.

I no longer have any sneakers -- but that will change once I receive my free replacement pair from Nike.

I no longer buy expensive cookies from Neiman Marcus since I now have their recipe.

Thanks to you, I can't use anyone's toilet but mine because a big brown African spider is lurking under the seat to cause me instant death when it bites my butt.

Thank you too for all the endless advice Andy Rooney has given us. I can live a better life now because he's told us how to fix everything.

And thanks to your great advice, I can't ever pick up \$5.00 I dropped in the parking lot because it probably was placed there by a sex molester waiting underneath my car to grab my leg.

Oh, and don't forget this one either! I can no longer drive my car because I can't buy gas from certain gas companies!

If you don't send this e-mail to at least 144,000 people in the next 70 minutes, a large dove with diarrhea will land on your head at 5:00 PM this afternoon and the fleas from 12 camels will infest your back, causing you to grow a hairy hump. I know this will occur because it actually happened to a friend of my next door neighbor's ex-mother-in-law's second husband's cousin's beautician...

A South American scientist from Argentina, after a lengthy study, has discovered that people with insufficient brain activity read their e-mail with their hand on the mouse.

Don't bother taking it off now, it's too late! Have a wonderful day....

PUBLIC FORUM

Don't help people sit on their rears

I have a question, not only for Douglas County, but for the entire state of Oregon. Like a lot of folks in this state, I have a job. I work, they pay me, I pay my taxes and the government distributes my taxes as they see fit. In order for me to get that paycheck, I am required to pass a random urine test, which I have no problem with.

What I do have a problem with is the distribution of my taxes to people who don't have to pass a urine test. Shouldn't one have to pass a urine test to get a welfare check, because I have to pass one to go earn it for them?

Please understand, I have nothing against helping people get back on their feet. I do, on

the other hand, have a problem with helping someone sit on their butt. Could you imagine

how much money the state would save if people had to pass a urine test to get a public

assistance check?

Leonard Wilson
Riddle

Famous Quotes on the "Philosophy of sex"

"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy."
--Tom Clancy

"You know "that look" women get when they want sex? Me neither." --Steve Martin

"Having sex is like playing bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand."
--Woody Allen

"Bisexuality immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night." --Rodney Dangerfield

"There are a number of mechanical devices which increase sexual arousal, particularly in women. Chief among these is the Mercedes-Benz 500SL." --Lynn Lavner

"Leaving sex to the feminists is like letting your dog vacation at the taxidermist." --Matt Barry

"Sex at age 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope." --George Burns

"Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation. The other eight are unimportant." --George Burns

"Women might be able to fake orgasms. But men can fake whole relationships." --Sharon Stone

"My girlfriend always laughs during sex ---no matter what she's reading." --Steve Jobs (Founder, Apple Computers)

"My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-bitch." --Jack Nicholson

"Clinton lied. A man might forget where he parks or where he lives, but he never forgets oral sex, no matter how bad it is." --Barbara Bush (Former US First Lady -- and you didn't think Barbara had a sense of humor)

"Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet."
--Robin Williams

"Women complain about premenstrual syndrome, but I think of it as the only time of the month that I can be myself." --Roseanne

"Women need a reason to have sex. Men just need a place." --Billy Crystal

"According to a new survey, women say they feel more comfortable undressing in front of men than they do undressing in front of other women. They say that women are too judgmental, where, of course, men are just grateful." --Robert De Niro

"Instead of getting married again, I'm going to find a woman I don't like and just give her a house."
--Rod Stewart